

# SPIRITUAL INTELECTUAL

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM!"

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## The Principles of Nature.

### CRITICISM ON THE BIBLE.

PORT CLINTON, December 4, 1856.

Messrs. Editors:

I have been much pleased of late with the excellent articles from the pen of Prof. Hare, in bringing out some of the "hard points in the old books," for inspection and criticism, and am of opinion they have done much good toward loosening the fetters of sectarian bigotry and blindness.

I can not help expressing my pleasure, also, at the able manner in which the dogmas of "E's" article on "True Spiritualism and Sorcery" were disposed of by Mr. Partridge. They do honor to his head and heart, as exhibiting a mind not to be gulled by modern advances of bold and uncouth ideas.

It is my purpose at present to offer a few thoughts concerning the contradictions and inconsistencies of the Bible; and in so doing, I appeal to those modern "divinely inspired teachers" for a reconciliation of that which, to me, seems to divide the houses against itself. Far be it from me to misrepresent any book or teachings; and so far as they may seem absurd and contradictory, I hope I shall at all times be able to discover their essential intent; and as thousands profess to believe every word of the Bible, inspired and given directly from God, I would learn why so many errors have crept into its composition.

First, The Bible alleges that God created man "pure and holy"—that when he made him, he pronounced him "good." If so, there could not have existed in his nature anything *impure or unholy*; hence the evil which is now in the world, has it not been generated by and through some other agency than man?

Second, We are informed that sin entered into the world through the disobedience of man; but how could man's disobedience have brought sin into the world, unless it existed somewhere else, and especially when man had no sin? How could he, if pure, have been tempted to do evil, unless the tempter had a power exceeding his goodness and purity?

If such power existed, whence came it, and is it not the plainest blasphemy to say that man, created pure, should have been afterward tempted of God to do evil?

If sin be evil, then the spirit which originated it must be evil also. If it be true that "good and evil come not from the same source," which is the greater—good or evil? If good be the greater, will it not finally absorb or destroy the evil? or will the enmity existing between them cease?

The reasons for the above questions lie in the fact, that although the Christian world generally believe in an evil or Devil, from whom all that is bad cometh, the Bible affirms that the "evil Spirit of God" has often tempted men and nations to do wickedly.

It appears to me to be inconsistent to have a Devil, and yet represent God as doing all his dirty work.

For instance, 1 Sam. 18: 16, "And it came to pass on the

morning the evil Spirit from God came upon Saul." Verso 11, "And Saul cast the javelin; for he said, I will smite David even to the wall with it," etc.

Chap. 19, verso 9, "And the evil Spirit from the Lord was upon Saul, as he sat in his house with his javelin in his hand," etc.

It is plain that Saul was very jealous of the influence exerted by David; and although we are afterward informed of his defeat, etc., it does not alter the facts as they bear in relation to the influence he received to act as he did, as it is often stated that God hardened the hearts of certain nations in order to bring them out to battle, etc. See Joshua, 11: 20, also, in the case of Pharaoh.

It seems plain from the above, that the evil as well as the good which befell the Jews, according to their history, emanated from one source, and this lessens the difficulty in accounting for the many foolish and absurd positions he is placed in, in relation to his creatures.

In attempting to account for all the misfortunes and successes they met with in the time which makes up their history, and their dealings with other nations, they have committed some of the most absurd follies imaginable; and believing God to be partial to their success, they have invariably represented him as commanding, and especially interfering in all they did.

We are informed in the New Testament, that "God tempteth no man," notwithstanding the many instances wherein he is related to have tempted man by the "old writers of his word." If he tempteth no man, why did he tempt Saul? and why did Jesus in his instructions to his disciples concerning prayer, teach them to say, "Lead us not into temptation?" etc. If their Heavenly Father was not likely to do so, there could be no propriety in making such a request.

Is there any difference between "leading men into temptation" and tempting them to evil?

Why is there so much discrepancy in the accounts given by those who are said to have been inspired, and upon which the Christian world bases its faith and hope of immortality?

The resurrection of Christ is given very differently by each of the said to be inspired ones who wrote the accounts. By one there were two angels seen sitting in the sepulchre on the resurrection morn, and by another, "a young man dressed in a long white garment" was seen. St. Matthew says, "And behold there was a great earthquake; for the angel of the Lord came down and rolled back the stone from the door of the sepulchre."

Is it possible that such an unusual occurrence as that of a great earthquake, at such a time, should be omitted or not noticed by the other writers, or that Mark, Luke and John should state the appearance of two angels instead of the young man spoken of by Matthew?

The betrayal of Jesus presents some points for consideration also. It is said by St. John, that when Jesus was about to be taken, he went forth and said, "Whom seek ye?" They answered him, "Jesus of Nazareth?" and that he said unto them,

"I am he." And as soon as they heard him say, "I am he?" they went backward and fell on the ground.

Why is this circumstance entirely omitted by Mark, Luke and Matthew? and why is there nothing said about the Kiss given by Judas, as related by the other writers. Where was the necessity of kissing or noting a character as Christ, in order to betray him into the hands of sinners, if he taught daily in their temples and worked miracles, as he is represented to have said himself, a little further on in the account?

Jesus is represented as the great founder and promulgator of the "doctrine of love," and yet, Luke 22: 49, as one encouraging a defense, even to the shedding of blood with the sword. Then said he unto them, "But now he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip; and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one." "And they said, Lord, behold here are two swords," etc. It appears, also, that Peter made use of one, by cutting off the ear of the servant; and we are told by Luke that a miracle was wrought immediately by Jesus, in restoring it, though by no others is this mentioned. St. Matthew says he reproved Peter for the act of cutting off the servant's ear, by saying, "Put up thy sword again into its place; for all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword." Does this reproof agree with the above command, to sell the garment in order to procure one?

We are told by Matthew, that when Judas discovered that Jesus would be condemned, he brought back the thirty pieces of silver, acknowledging his crime: "And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and went and hanged himself"—Matt. 27: 5, that the Jews would not put the money into their treasury, as it was the price of blood, but that they (the Jews) purchased the potter's field with it to bury strangers in.

By comparing this with the account of Peter, Acts 1: 18-19, there is an absolute contradiction: "Men and brethren, this Scripture must needs be fulfilled, which the Holy Ghost by the mouth of David spake before concerning Judas, which was guide to them that took Jesus. For he was numbered with us and had obtained part of this ministry. Now this man purchased a field with the reward of iniquity; and falling headlong, he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out. And it was known unto all the dwellers at Jerusalem; inasmuch as that field is called, in their proper tongue, Aceldama; that is to say, 'the field of blood.'"

Is it not evident that one at least did not know the things related by Peter, or how could he have given such an entirely different account of them? Matthew says he went and hanged himself. Peter says he fell down and all his bowels gushed out. Which is correct? Matthew states that the field was purchased by the Jews, who took counsel to that effect; while Peter gives us to understand that it was purchased by Judas. How then, can the word be plenary inspired, when one part of it will not agree with another?

Again: if the chosen of God to speak and write his word, did not agree, how are we who are not inspired, expected to believe,



and how can we be saved through faith in his word? We find that Paul and Barnabas had several disputes, yet both were chosen and inspired, as they professed, to teach the truth. When Doctors disagree, who shall decide? Upon one occasion they went to Jerusalem, to the apostles and elders, and we are informed by this same word, that "after much disputation," the matter was settled by sending Barnabas and Silas with Paul and Barnabas to the churches with the necessary documents.

This did not last long, for soon Paul and Barnabas again came into loggerheads: "And they contended so sharply that Paul went one way and Barnabas another," Acts 15.

Will some modern "inspired teacher" reconcile the inconsistencies referred to in these strictures—one who feels himself constrained to give the world the test, or sign, said to follow those that believe. Mark 16: 17: "And these signs shall follow them that believe: in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues." 18: "They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

Yours for truth, J. R. PERRY.

#### NATURE'S DEFINITION OF HER LAWS.

NUMBER TWO.

In my former article, published November 8, I gave an exposition of the laws of generation and reproduction in nature, with some phenomena in support thereof. I have waited until now to observe any criticisms thereon.

I ask permission now to request of your readers to lay aside this and succeeding numbers on the foregoing subject, as I propose, with your consent, to show from the phenomena of nature, that Jesus correctly stated the law when he declared, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it yieldeth much fruit." I desire now to say, if I can establish this to be the law of nature in the vegetable kingdom, then I show data from whence can be elaborated a rational explanation of the origin, nature and destiny of man.

I wish here to repeat and define the laws:

Generation is the impregnation of embryonic seed-germ with undeveloped form-principle, as the necessary condition for reproduction.

Conception is the union of organized life-entity (or of emanations of unorganized life) with undeveloped form-principle, whereby the life, becoming individualized as an entity, is characterized by the special form it has thus united with.

Reproduction is but the expansion of the undeveloped form-principle by the life indwelling therein as an entity, according to the special character of the pervaded form.

In my article of November 8, I quoted different phenomena to prove that the principle taught on the special action of the pollen falling on the seed, was, that form-principles as entities, must be provided and placed in conditional relationship for life's union therewith. Hence the grain must both "fall in the ground and also die, or it abideth alone." And I stated that this principle applied equally to the higher or animal and human kingdoms, though the medium for its action varied.

Referring to that article for the details there presented, I now quote phenomena from the higher of the fowl kingdom, to prove my definition of the laws referred to.

Take two hen chickens; confine one from any association with the male; let the other have its freedom. You will find that each alike yields eggs, though in the egg of the confined hen there will be no sperm. Place these eggs in your closet, and each alike preserves its soundness, thus evidencing that life is not derived from or through the sperm. Place the eggs in position for hatching, and you find only those eggs of the free hen with the sperm yield a product. What, then, is the special function of the sperm, if it is not the impartation of life? The growth of the eggs of the confined hen to maturity, and their preservation in the closet, proves the presence of life equally with those having a sperm therein. Is it not rational to conclude that, like the pollen in the vegetable plant, the sperm is the medium of impregnating the egg germ with undeveloped form-principle, as the needed element for reproductive action.

What are the facts? When the several eggs are placed under a hatching process, each egg is a living entity. Surrounding influences acting thereon, attract from the egg destitute of sperm the life thereof. It dies literally. Decay and dissolution attend the organized form and substance in which life had dwelt as an entity.

Unless surrounding influences, have "personal intelligences," they must act alike on the eggs having sperm therein; and if like causes produce like effects, then they also must die as entities. It is irrational to say, that in the one case these influences would act by attraction, in the other by repulsion; and yet this idea is embraced in the dogma, that in the case of the eggs having sperm, the life of those eggs is concentrated into the "nucleus" or sperm in the egg; and being so concentrated, again reappears in the organized chicken hatched from the egg.

Now apply the hypothesis contended for: In all cases the eggs must literally die as entities—the life of each, being a something, must, on withdrawing from the egg, go somewhere, and doing so, continue to be that something as an entity until it, by an union with a form-principle, reappears again in material nature.

In the case of the eggs having sperm, the withdrawal of life therefrom leaves the form-principle contained in that sperm untrammelled and open to the inflow of any organized life kindred thereto. Therefore, unless it is accepted that Life, individualized in the varied forms of the lower or vegetable and animal kingdoms is, on leaving each form, absorbed in the great ocean and fountain-repository of life whereby the individuality attained unto is forever lost, it will follow that these somethings or life-entities, exist as such somewhere, and existing thus, have the needed affinity for such untrammelled, undeveloped form-principle, as will induce their union therewith.

Again, I submit that the doctrine of individuality being thus lost is inconsistent with the theory of man's being an ultimate development of Nature, unless some one can show that some other entity than Life has progressed from the lowest form upward, and through the ascending forms leading unto the human form. If Life as an entity has thus progressed, then its individuality must have been preserved during the interim of its passage from lower to higher forms, as well as during its severance from external forms in nature. On the assumption that the individuality is not lost, it is easy to conceive that in surrounding air or space there are innumerable life-entities kindred to the form-principle contained in the sperm. The innate aspiration of such life entities for re-union with form to expand or unfold their inherent nature, would render them positive to the form, and induce union therewith. Thus in such union would be exhibited the phenomenon observed of the product of a chicken, because the action of Life would be to unfold the form it pervaded as the means of developing its innate nature; and Life's ability as an entity to unfold a form, would be limited and governed by the special character of the form-principle. In my judgment this will explain why there is no reproduction unless the sperm is present in the egg. And in this explanation is disclosed the important truth, that in the animal and human kingdoms the male is the medium through which form-principle is organized and supplied as the means for Life's uses in its progression to individuality in the ultimate or Spirit form in which it, as an identity, may forever dwell.

Do not understand me as affirming that each life-entity, in leaving any one form, must of necessity seek union with the next highest to reappear in. It is said that the pippin, as well as all other kinds of apples, has been produced from the crab-apple. If this is true, then I should infer that the life-entity of the germinal crab-apple has often reappeared in the apple form, refining and perfecting quality and form ere it in that form fully developed its innate nature. I mean such innate nature as that form is adapted to. In other words, it seems to me rational to assume that if life as an entity has progressed and does progress from lower to higher forms, ultimating in man, it is reasonable to presume that in the lower forms of nature it would often reappear as the means of refining the condition or state of the material substance of such organizations, as well as for perfecting the forms thereof.

In order that this matter may be more intelligently weighed by your readers, I beg to again state, that science, in asserting the geological theory, teaches that each kingdom of nature was born in an infantile condition, and through long ages progressed to its meridian before it became the base of a higher unfolding. Therefore, if life was the acting agency for such gradual growth from infancy to the meridian state, it must necessarily have often reappeared in the same forms, on the hypothesis that its individuality is never lost.

I again invite criticism of my definition of the laws of generation, conception, etc.

K.

#### PROVIDENCES.

The following incidents of apparently providential interposition, we extract from an article in a recent Number of the *New Church Herald and Repository*. The composition is somewhat wordy, but the facts themselves are of interest.

An amiable, pious and gifted lady, became united in marriage, early in life, to one whom her youthful heart approved; but who, unfortunately for her subsequent health and happiness, valued woman solely according to her uses in the domestic relation. The overtaxed physical organization of the young wife, always frail, and subject to a pulmonary taint, soon became the medium of acute suffering. Medical aid, which, from the mistaken notions prevalent at that time with regard to curative agencies to be employed in her disease (which proved to be a deeply-seated inflammation in the spinal chord and its nervous appendages) being of no avail, was discontinued. At the period referred to, the lady was supposed to be in a hopeless decline; and, for three years, mainly confined to her couch. In an excess of renewed suffering, a simple medical preparation known to possess ameliorating qualities, was required, and was the only want alluded to in words during many weeks, though it was known that her sufferings were greatly augmented by the absence of many little comforts so grateful to the sick. The appeal for the medicine was repeated daily; at first timidly, and finally with deep earnestness, as suffering increased, but without effect. Meanwhile, nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, no longer visited the invalid's couch of pain, while silent anguish could be traced in every line of her pallid face. One night, while meditating on her restless pillow upon her forlorn condition, feeling that her little remaining strength must soon succumb to the pressure of increasing pain, the despairing cry of her heart, though not uttered in words, was heard by Him whose ear is ever open to his orphaned ones; a voice had spoken to her inward soul, bidding her to look to Him in faith for the supply of her need. Tears of grateful joy bedewed her face. A perfect assurance sprang up in her heart, that her Heavenly Father had listened to the anguished cry of her soul, and would send relief, how, she asked not to know. Though the pain still continued, never for a moment relaxing its hold, the countenance of the invalid, though of deathly pallor, became almost joyously serene. Slumber, for the first time in many days and nights, had closed her weary eyelids. In her dream, she is again a happy child, crossing, with bounding step, the enamelled meadow, in her upland path to the hills—the grandly glorious old hills—where, amid the overshadowing maples and the deep-whispering pines, with the vicker-scanted gale upon her cheek, she had wailed away many a swiftly passing hour, dreaming unutterable, but strangely sweet and vivid dreams, never to be realized on this mortal stage of being. The scene changes—a bright smile illumines her cheek; the pale and parted lips assume a ruddy glow; the cry of "Mother!" breaks the stillness of the deep and silent night. A loved face, long ago shrouded beneath the coffin-lid, was presented to the vision of the sleeper, as she had seen it last in life, with the old tender smile and the dear, dark, beautiful, loving eyes, lifted in tenderness upon her own. With the cry of "Mother!" upon her lips, she awoke to find herself alone, enveloped in darkness, with the same distressing pain still writhing and quivering through her shoulders and breast; but, strange to say, on being assisted to rise at the usual hour, an unusual degree of strength seemed to possess her limbs. Leaning for support against the side of the room, her hand accidentally rested upon a woollen garment, not quite dry from the wash, from which dropped a small silver coin, apparently from a rent in the lining. Reflecting upon this incident, her eye mechanically sought the floor, when lo! under the writing-desk, at the farther end of the room, a shining substance attracted her attention. She with difficulty reached the spot. Could it be? Yes, it was a silver shilling! the counterpart seemingly of the one in her hand. Here was the requisite sum to purchase the remedial mixture so ruthlessly withheld from a more than competence, which was soon obtained, a portion of it applied, and ere long the stiffened and swollen muscles relaxed their wiry tension. A night of refreshing slumber supervened. From that day, an improved state of health was visibly accorded to the sufferer. A sublime confidence, born of faith in the promises of Jehovah, in the hour of anguish has hitherto illumed her pathway and revealed to her hope-lit eye a silver lining to every cloud.

An incident which occurred the last spring, in a distant western State, attracted the attention of the writer, as being a link in the chain of evidence, of the combined action of spiritual with natural causes, in ultimating the will of a superintending bene-



ficient power. On the renewal of intercourse, which had been suspended some years, with a friend, it was apparent that he had fallen into a gloomy and despondent state of mind, consequent upon receiving no intelligence, for more than a year, from a beloved son, a resident of a southern city, who, until the above-mentioned period, had maintained a faithful correspondence with his family. Some weeks prior to the visit of the writer, the alarmed and anxious mother (having again written to her without receiving a response) had come to fancy that he was no longer a denizen of earth. With the design to divert her from her despondent state, and to enliven her faith in the Divine Providence, the writer felt impressed to remark, with deep earnestness, upon the criminal lack among Christians of the present day, of applying in humble confidence, through earnest prayer, to Him who has said, "ask and ye shall receive." \* \* \*

A few evenings subsequent to this conversation, which, with a few analogous remarks, seemed to take deep hold of her mind, sitting in the shadow of the twilight, fast deepening into the dusk of early evening, she was heard to exclaim, as if to herself, "Bless the Lord, I will trust in his word." She had at that moment, after a weary combat of days with the elements of a dead faith, received the witness within of the exercise of a true faith in a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God; and that her request to hear from her absent son would be answered. On the third evening after this occurrence, a letter was placed in the trembling hand of the mother, written on the morning subsequent to her prayer of faith, commencing as follows:

I have for a long time neglected to write you, dear mother. I have not meant to do so; but this morning I felt so deeply impressed I could not delay as usual. At first I thought I would go to the shop, and, after finishing my work, write you in the evening; but somehow I could not, and have resolved to send this by the morning mail, and finish my day's work in the evening.

Then followed, by way of excuse for remissness in writing, "of having married a wife; of increase of cares; of added hours of daily toil, in consequence of a reduction of the ordinary prices of labor," etc. Here is a case transcending psychological impression. The yearning thoughts of the poor mother had been, many times previously, far more intensely directed along the intervening line of distance to her absent son, without eliciting a response. Even her letters of entreaty had failed to suggest an immediate fulfillment of duty. On the latter occasion, her mind, instead of flowing out to him as formerly, was directed, with all the intensity and strength of will, in earnest appeal to a higher Source, in which the association of ideas, in connection with her son, was secondary and subordinate, holding a relative and lower place. Good angels were near to witness the struggle and the triumph, drawn through affinity with the new love, born of faith and hope. After having influenced the son to the performance of duty, how intense was their joy to witness the grateful emotions with which that widowed mother perused that tender letter, which she felt had come to her by looking to the Lord alone for help in the trial hour!

Another incident, which occurred a few years ago in a neighboring town, of which the writer can certify to the truth, bears so strongly upon his mind, that he is forced to relate it, at the risk of extending this article beyond its appropriate limits. An amiable and pious woman, who seemed to the writer to be one of those chosen ones who are called, through a life of perfect renunciation, to exhibit those higher and peculiar graces or Christian character which spring as naturally from the soil of some human hearts, deeply furrowed by the plow-share of affliction, as from a portion of rich and virgin soil when elaborately cultivated, springs up beneath the eye of the expectant husbandman a rare and abundant harvest. This woman had been reduced by degrees, by a reckless and finally abandoned husband, from a state of comparative independence to extreme poverty. It would be delightful to narrate the wonderful process of development which ultimated in the heart and life of this poor woman the possession of almost superhuman gifts.

But, it is not of these that the writer is to speak. Being deprived of her once comfortable home, although frail in health, in order to support herself and children, she was obliged to resort to the menial and laborious occupation of a washerwoman. A few friends concerted together, and purchased for her a small cottage, from which she was almost daily seen to go forth, in her neat white sunbonnet, and smoothly ironed apron, to pursue her weary toil. Like most persons of her class (though very frugal in her habits,) she had come to regard her morning and evening cup of tea as indispensable to her comfort and strength.

Being an amateur as to quality, a spare dollar was occasionally secreted in some secure place, for the purchase of her cherished beverage. One morning, having a long distance to walk in commencing the labors of the day, in hastening preparations for her frugal breakfast, her tea-caddy was found to need replenishing. On going to the place of concealment, the hoarded dollar was gone. A short time previous, her miserable husband (who, having entirely deserted his family,) had stolen from the poor victim the entire savings of her summer's toil, and now, not a penny remained in the purse. Here was a call for a renewal of faith and patience. But the latter had had its perfect work. A tear of commiseration for the miserable inebriate, that he had fallen so low, trembled on her pallid cheek. Reserved and quiet in her habits, sensitive to a fault, with respect to maintaining an honest independence, the thought of communicating the subject of her annoyance, or of receiving on trust, was inadmissible. But this she could do—appeal to the high Treasurer of heaven's bounty for aid; and if not required to relinquish her favorite beverage, which seemed particularly necessary for her, on account of her entire abstinence from animal food, the means of use would be supplied. After commending herself and her needs to the care and protection of heaven, all thoughts of anxiety were dismissed from her mind. After securing, with redoubled care, every point of egress to her little domicile, leaving her young children to the care of an indigent neighbor, whose services she weekly repaid, in a pleasant and cheerful frame of mind, she set out to reach the distant sphere of her labors, which was accomplished with unusual ease. At an early hour she commenced to retrace her homeward way. Passing the village hotel, she must needs quicken her weary steps, for there, surrounded by a troop of boys, (helplessly intoxicated,) she recognized the poor victim of intemperance, who had treated himself to a holiday on the spoils of his cupidity. Applying the key from her pocket to the lock of the door, she entered the little cottage, and found all safe. Its four windows were each strongly secured by a large and trusty nail, just as she had left them. Not a pane of glass was broken or removed; and yet how came a certain large brown paper parcel to be found lying upon the little table, and the air of the room strongly impregnated with that peculiar odour (arising, as is well known,) from a certain expensive and superior quality of tea—a quality which she had been accustomed to use on rare occasions, in the days of her prosperity. Another critical search, and the key again applied to the door, to detect any possible failure of the lock, when she recalled the fact of having applied her strength ineffectually to open the door, after having locked it in the morning, which was done by way of test, as she had used the primitive mode of securing it by a stick placed through the handle on the outside previous to the last discovery of the theft. But the manner in which the package had been introduced, during her absence, is still a mystery.

#### ULTIMATE TRUTH.

FRIEND PARTRIDGE:

For some years past it has been an opinion of mine that there could be to the human mind no ultimate truth—that all truth is relative, and that the highest conception of truth which we have to-day may be superseded by one still higher to-morrow, and so on eternally. For anything like a *finality* would preclude progress in that direction; and where there is no progress, a perpetual monotony must follow as the necessary result.

Progress implies change. Without change there can be no activity, and an entire want of action is death; therefore I reasoned myself into the conviction that all truths were, to us, eternally progressive principles, which no one short of Deity himself could fully comprehend.

Some year and a half ago I was conversing with A. E. Newton, Editor of the *New England Spiritualist*, upon this subject; and if I mistake not, he concurred with me in this opinion; and I think he published an article from his own pen in its defense. I now see that I had not learned to comprehend the distinction between *facts* and *truths*. Facts are events, and consequently successive; but truths are principles, and therefore eternal.

But this subject I had never introduced to Mrs. Hatch, and she had no knowledge of the views which I entertained in relation to it; but one day in my absence her hand was controlled, and the following communication was written in a very plain and uniform hand, but entirely unlike hers, and which I send you without any alteration:

Dr. Hatch—Your idea "that there is no ultimate truth," is incorrect. All truth is ultimate, for truth is a principle. Principles being the

attributes of God, are ever ultimate and perfect. The comprehension of truths by mortal minds, we define as facts. For instance, it is a truth that the construction of the solar system is spherical, and that planets revolve around the sun in exact proportion, distance, density, etc. But it has been a *fact* only a few years; therefore we define *truth* as an ultimate principle, unchanging and unchangeable, eternal and all-pervading—an attribute of God.

*Fact* is man's comprehension of truth as manifested in the external development of the human intellect. As a further elucidation of our position, let us illustrate. It is a truth that the human mind can be better governed by love than by force, "for God is love;" but the *fact* has not become visible to the majority of the human race. Is it less a truth because they do not comprehend it? I answer, No.

Finally, let me say that *truth* is an absolute positive (not relative) principle, the entire comprehension of which is only in the mind of the Deity; therefore the mind of man can never grasp its fullest meaning; yet, does that change the fact itself? No. Facts are the manifestation of truth through the comprehension of the human intellect. We wish you to remember this, and trace the laws more deeply, and we are quite certain you will agree with us in opinion. PHILOSOPHIC GUARDIAN.

I most heartily thank my "Philosophic Guardian" for his watchful care over my opinions, and hope that he will often favor me with like teachings; for, I am fully convinced that I am much in need of so able an instructor.

The test, also, to me, is of the highest order; for I am quite sure that Mrs. H. was entirely unacquainted with my views upon that subject, and was wholly at a loss to know why she should be interrupted at so busy a time, to pen an article which had no relation to anything which she knew anything about. On my return, she required an explanation why the article had been given, and wished to know if I entertained such views. It clearly demonstrates the "truth" that our Spirit friends are fully acquainted with our private opinions, although it has not yet become a "fact," to the majority of mankind.

What an endless source of instruction is here opened up to those who will avail themselves of its blessings! How rich to us becomes this storehouse of knowledge, when Spirits can have proper channels through which they can communicate their thoughts! It is limited only by our capacity to investigate or ability to comprehend. Let those, however well disciplined, who entertain a different opinion, try the experiment, and they will be forced to the conviction that the medium either possesses an unequalled intellectual ability, or is assisted by some other powers of intelligence. She has come in contact with the best minds of this country, and as yet I have found no one who has been able to interrogate her upon principles, however profound their inquiries, to whose questions she has not been able to give a clear and lucid answer. Can this be expected of one so young, and whose advantages in a literary point of view have been so limited? True, her education is good, and quite unusually so; but those of us who know, are aware of the fact that she is educated not in the usual way—by either reading or study—but by her frequent converse with intelligences which to most others are unseen.

Most truly yours, B. F. HATCH, M. D.  
New York, December 18, 1856.

#### TEARS.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

In the sentiment of the following lines there is a balm for those who weep. They are at your disposal:

When mortals pass Time's river,  
To tread the paths forever,  
Of upper worlds.  
With joy they'll find the tears  
Of earth-beclouded years—  
Celestial pearls!  
And oft, when crushed with grief,  
Will pitying angels bring relief  
To weary mortals—  
Bidding us look up and listen;  
E'en here we see them glisten,  
Through Heaven's portals.

ROCHESTER, December 7, 1856.

HATTIE.

MISREPRESENTATION.—Every man who advocates ideas that the masses have not yet grown up to, is denounced as a visionary; his sentiments misrepresented, his motives called in question, his character traduced. He who designs to labor for the enlightenment and elevation of mankind must make up his mind to be denounced and derided, and must forgive his opposers, for they "know not what they do." The ignorance of the multitude is yet dense, and the majority of mankind are not prepared to understand or appreciate the most simple and evident verities. He who can not bear patiently all abuse, scorn and indifference, need not enter the field of Reform. But the man who is prepared to be poor and unpopular in his own day, to labor on whether his cotemporaries hear or refuse to hear, he shall do a work whose issues shall be everlasting, and whose memory shall never perish.





# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1856.

## The Editor at Home.

At a late hour on Thursday evening, the 18th instant, the writer reached home, after an absence of sixty-three days, having traveled three thousand five hundred miles, and delivered fifty-three public lectures during this absence. We left Detroit on Wednesday at a quarter past seven, P. M., and at a quarter past eleven on Thursday night, the undersigned was at his rooms in this city, having performed the journey of nearly seven hundred miles in twenty-eight hours. S. B. B.

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### READERS OF THE TELEGRAPH:

Those who have never been this way can at best have but a feeble conception of the great West. A century will scarcely begin to develop the vast natural resources of the country, and yet every day changes its aspect and leaves to the observation of the traveler new marks and monuments of human industry and skill. The country through from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi, especially the portion situated along the Rock and Fox Rivers, embracing the southern portion of Wisconsin and the northern part of Illinois, is the most desirable region we have thus far found in all the West. The distant outlines of these rolling prairies almost blend with the horizon, while along the banks of the rivers are troops of virgin cities with their feet in the sparkling waters. Such is the rapid march of enterprise that the far depths of the wilderness are penetrated in all directions; and soon the iron steed from the Atlantic coast will but pause to take water from Lake Superior, ere he dashes away through the Rocky Mountains to exhale his fiery breath on the shores of the Pacific.

I have enjoyed favorable opportunities for observing the evidences of material and spiritual progress, as manifested in many western towns not hitherto mentioned in this correspondence. At Beloit, Wis., and Rockford, Ill., both situated on Rock River, the writer delivered several lectures, and was everywhere gratified with numerous indications of substantial progress. There are many earnest and noble friends through all that region, and in their living ranks we rarely met with an example of unreasoning credulity or of that blind reverence and noisy devotion which, with averted and bat-like vision, look steadily through the Dark Ages for light, all the while crying vehemently for the Lord, while they esteem as "common and unclean" the fresh and living proofs of his Omnipresence. If our spiritual friends are not stupidly attached to the decaying forms of the religious thought, they have what is far more vital—a lively disposition to follow the living Spirit as it goes forth to clothe itself with new and diviner creations. Many people here as elsewhere are beginning to want a practical and spiritual, rather than a theoretical and fashionable religion. They have no wish to discard anything that is intrinsically good or true; at the same time they do not expect to nourish the immortal constitution and sustain their spiritual life on fossil remains. The churches have vainly tried to live without a new infusion of the spiritual element, ("the Spirit giveth life"); they have trusted in the letter ("the letter killeth"), and they are dying; many temples are closed up and the old altars are deserted. Ezekiel's vision of the "valley of dry bones" is realized in the outward forms of the church to-day. So great has been the mortality, especially among the younger members—"babes in Christ"—that the old people in "the household of faith" are startled and alarmed, and Moses is not likely to be employed much longer as the universal, moral and spiritual dry nurse. This is certainly encouraging to mankind in general, if not to the Moses family in particular.

At Beloit we have sincere and earnest co-workers in C. G. Foster, Dr. Moore, and in the family of Mr. Bissell, at whose house the writer was kindly entertained. H. Ormsby is also a devoted friend, who desires us to inform all public lecturers on Spiritualism and other reforms—who may have occasion to pass that way—that they will be most cheerfully provided for at his house. At Rockford the writer found an agreeable home circle and kind friends at the residence of Mr. J. B. Young. There

are also in that city many intelligent people who have taken a deep interest in the present movement, among whom Dr. Haskell is widely and favorably known. Spiritualism is not a mere crotchet in his brain, nor in his heart a violent antagonism to some old institution. On the contrary, it is a living thing in mind and heart and life; and as an illustration of its effects, I may observe that Dr. H. is now traveling through several States with the purpose of selecting the most promising site for a new Institution, wherein the young friends of progress may receive a thorough physical and intellectual education and discipline, and on the endowment of which he generously proposes to bestow a large portion of his ample fortune. Are there not others who will follow this worthy example? If there are great evils in the world, growing out of popular ignorance and prejudice, there is certainly no way in which they can be so effectually annihilated as by instituting a more practical and progressive system of education. We have all a vital interest in this subject, and the responsibility of the individual is in proportion to his light and to the extent of his facilities for benevolent and efficient action.

The writer visited Milwaukee, remaining over Sunday and delivering three lectures in the course of the day and evening—occupying in all five hours in the delivery. Large audiences assembled, and it was evident that liberal ideas are exerting a wide and increasing influence in that growing and beautiful city. J. S. Finney—who has been employed there for several months in the capacity of public lecturer or teacher—had just closed his labors in that place, and is now at the East. Several friends spoke in decided terms of Mr. F.'s ability as an original thinker and an eloquent speaker, and expressed their regrets in view of his departure. Milwaukee certainly presents a fine field for the progress and triumph of liberal principles. Many of her citizens are from the Eastern States; and while they have taken with them the superior intelligence and correct morality for which the New England people are distinguished, they have fortunately left many of their old prejudices to perish on the soil of the Puritans. If they can be saved on the one hand from those who only worship the old clothes of the religious idea, and on the other from those warlike spirits who do little or nothing but contend against ancient parchments, and whose ministry chiefly consists in running violently against the corner of a church wall, they will rapidly increase in numbers and greatly prosper in all the gifts and graces of a more perfect manhood. It is only necessary that the claims of an enlightened and progressive philosophy, a rational theology, a pure and practical religion and a spiritual worship be plainly illustrated and earnestly enforced, and they will be widely received and profoundly respected.

The writer left Chicago at nine o'clock in the evening of December 1st, for New Albany, Ind. The elements of the natural atmosphere were in a state of wild commotion, and an accident so interrupted our progress that we did not arrive at Michigan City until three o'clock on the following morning, when we learned that the train for New Albany had been gone about two hours. Knowing the limited accommodations which the place afforded to strangers, and thinking that the probabilities of securing a comfortable lodging-place would soon be about equal to the chances of drawing the first prize in a lottery, I lost no time in seeking a place of rest, while a number of my fellow passengers remained at the dépôt to swear because the cars had gone. The proprietor of an illuminated shanty opposite the railroad station informed me that he kept a hotel, but that the only "first class house" was "up town." Pursuing the course imperfectly indicated by this civil and disinterested stranger, I soon found shelter from the driving storm in the up-town inn, which may be sufficiently large to accommodate some thirty persons, including the family. Several passengers who reached the hotel before me, had been provided for and as the undivided one-half of a single small sleeping room alone remained, the writer of course had no difficulty in choosing quarters for the remainder of the night. Those who tarried at the dépôt to do the swearing, did not stop the train; but their efforts were productive of certain negative results—to say the least, they were a little too late to secure a bed.

The next day, at noon, I resumed my journey. The storm continued with unabated fury, and the rain fell in such torrents that a wide extent of country in the upper portion of Indiana, and along the line of the railway, was literally submerged. It was near midnight when the rain reached Greencastle, where we were obliged to remain until the next day. The hour of our arrival being unusual, there were no carriages at the station, and the passengers were left to find their way through darkness and

storm to some public house. On the way "up town" to the new hotel, where we stopped (the hall door is not yet hung) I lost my sandals in the mud. Does not this constitute the undersigned a landholder, and justly entitled to two small lots in Greencastle? In relation to this matter, it is certain that the municipal authorities of that place have the genuine outlines of a good understanding, which I left on file with them, and it can only be necessary to fill up the blanks to secure the right of possession.

Greencastle is one hundred and thirty-eight miles from New Albany, and still another day was exhausted in the accomplishment of the journey. It was seven o'clock, P. M., when I arrived, and learned from our good friend Mr. Knapp, who met me at the dépôt and invited me to his pleasant home, that the time appointed for my first lecture was that night, instead of the preceding evening as I had supposed. Accordingly, I was just in time to meet the appointment. Mr. K. felt a positive consciousness that something would transpire to prevent my arrival on Tuesday evening, and therefore delayed the announcement for one day. The citizens of New Albany, with here and there an exception, were all unacquainted with my theme, and the audiences were comparatively small. There was, however, a decided interest manifested at the close of our brief discussion of the facts and laws of spiritual intercourse; and notwithstanding the public ignorance and prejudice, the *Daily Tribune* reported a lengthy synopsis of each lecture, in which was displayed unusual editorial candor and fairness.

Whilst at New Albany, the writer, at the invitation of Mr. H. H. Randall, an earnest friend of progress, and a gentleman of remarkable spiritual endowments, made a hasty excursion to Louisville, Ky., which is only some five miles distant on the opposite side of the Ohio river. On the same day (Friday, Dec. 5th) left New Albany, and on Saturday, P. M., reached Goshen, Indiana. S. B. B.

## QUESTIONS FOR ELUCIDATION

BY SPIRITS AND MORTALS.

IGNORANCE and wide diversities of opinion respecting fundamental facts and principles, are believed to be the chief sources of social, political and religious inharmonies. This seems manifest from the fact that man's speech and conduct are necessarily the exponents of his faith and knowledge. Hence the true friends of peace and progress are ever striving to solve the deep problems of the universe, and to so instruct mankind as to unitize thought and endeavor on the subjects which seem most essential to human interests. The intricacy and magnitude of many of the manifestations of nature have hitherto seemed to transcend human comprehension. It is believed, however, that the vast accumulation of facts, and especially the more recent developments, with the corresponding enlargement of the scope of human perception and comprehension, converge toward a solution of many great problems, and promise to usher in the millennium with its inspirations of universal progress, peace, and love. To make these developments, and the deep thoughts which are welling up in human intellects, available to the common humanity, the undersigned, with the aid of several earnest and scientific investigators, has digested and arranged the following series of questions for the consideration of Spirits and mortals, and now most respectfully and cordially invites people all over the world to join in the endeavor to fathom the problems involving human interests. To give equal and the widest facilities to all persons—whether present or absent—to participate in the discussion, we purpose to consider the several questions in their order, giving to each at least one week's time, and probably more to some or all of them. The purpose being simply to elicit and present truth in as brief and yet as comprehensive a form as possible, the following has been adopted as the order to be observed which is believed to be best calculated to promote the objects had in view.

*First.* Each contributor is requested to present in writing the facts on which his or her conclusions are based.

*Second.* The mode of applying facts to the question.

*Third.* Conclusions.

*Fourth.* Remarks.

The investigating class in the city of New York will be composed, so far as it is possible, of intelligent men and women who are supposed to entertain the various popular theories involved in the questions to be solved. This class, until further notice, will assemble each succeeding Wednesday evening at my house, and in conducting the meetings the following order will be ob-



served: At seven o'clock the question for the evening will be read, after which will be presented papers from our friends abroad, containing pertinent facts, modes of application to the question under consideration, and conclusions. Then the persons present will read their briefs of facts, arguments and conclusion, and enforce the same with such brief remarks as may render the elucidation of the subject more complete.

A digest of each contributor's facts, conclusions and arguments, will be prepared and published weekly in the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, for the benefit of all who feel an interest in the subjects, and especially for those friends abroad who oblige us by participating in the debate, that they may be weekly informed of the manner in which the questions are treated. In this way we hope to establish a nucleus for a universal debating society, for the friendly and mutual interchange of facts and views on all the great questions which involve the social, political and religious interests of mankind. If this call is earnestly responded to with a promise of good results to mankind, other questions will hereafter be proposed and considered, having relation to the practical, social and spiritual needs of humanity.

## QUESTIONS.

1. Is there an objective natural world; and if so, what was its origin, what its use and destiny?
2. What is Man?
3. Is there a God; and if so, what are the attributes of the divine nature, and what the mode of the divine existence?
4. Is there a soul or Spirit-world; and if so, what was its origin, its use and destiny? Where is it, and what connection and relation does it hold to the physical or natural world?
5. What is Life, and what was its origin?
6. What is Death, and what was its origin?
7. Are there such things or conditions as mortal and immortal; and if so, what is it that is mortal and what immortal?
8. What was the origin of the first man?
9. What are man's connections with, and relations to, material nature, spiritual nature and God?
10. What are the uses and purposes of man's creation?
11. What are the essential attributes and properties of an immortal being or thing?
12. Is man mortal or immortal in whole or in part, and what part?
13. What influence and effect have the relations, habits and conditions, of a man's earth-life on the relations, conditions and happiness, of his life beyond?
14. Is there a sphere or world of life for man, other and beyond this natural world and the Spirit-world?
15. Wherein consists the essential difference between material substances and things and spiritual substances and things?
16. Is man physically, mentally or morally free?
17. Is there any such thing as evil or sin; and if so, in what does it consist, and what was its origin, its use and destiny?
18. Is the moral universe a means or an end in the creation; and is the moral government of God his final government?
19. Is the moral universe now just such as God originally foresaw, planned and designed?
20. Is there any special Divine Providence in the sense which implies the direct interposition of Deity?
21. Has God made any special revelation of his will to man; and if so, in what does it consist?
22. Has God provided any special means of man's development, regeneration or salvation?
23. Was Jesus Christ divine in any sense in which, and of which, man is not capable?
24. Is there a personal Devil; and if so, what was his origin, what his character, capabilities, uses and destiny?
25. What are the conditions and relations of the Spirit's existence? What are its surroundings, scenery, etc.? What are its powers and susceptibilities, and what are its sources of enjoyment?
26. Wherein consists the difference between man's life in the spiritual world and his life in the material world?
27. What effect has a premature physical death on [man's] spiritual life and destiny?
28. Have animals an organized spiritual entity—a self-conscious intelligence; and do they at death pass to another sphere or condition of existence?
29. What are the relations of mental to vital motion, and to what extent are the faculties of the mind capable of controlling the functions of the body?
30. Can the human mind, while in its earthly form and relations, produce psychological and physiological effects on other human minds and bodies with and without physical contact; and can it otherwise manifest its powers, through inanimate forms and substances?

On Wednesday evening, December 17th, several of the friends interested in the investigation of the series of questions published above, held their weekly meeting.

The first question of the series was as follows: Is there an objective natural world; and if so, what was its origin, what its use and destiny?

W. S. Courtney, Esq., submitted the following:

*Facts.*—I see forms and objects around me; I touch them; I

hear sounds and smell odors. I have also a consciousness of existences around me as solid and tangible as I am myself.

*Deduction.*—From these sensational perceptions and from this consciousness, I am assured of an objective natural world. The truth is, we can not well go behind the every-day facts, or by any subtlety reason ourselves out of that belief.

*Origin.*—I have no facts on this head, other than those furnished by the geologist, the astronomer, the chemist, etc., which, although grand, are yet in an immature and transition state, and do not reach back far enough.

But here is my belief, or rather brief, upon the subject.

In a philosophic sense it never originated, but always was, in some form or condition. It was not, strictly speaking, ever created, but always existed. But in a relative sense it was born of the divine love and wisdom, which are two co-eternal substantial principles, the conjugal union of which begets and determines substance. The divine wisdom being not merely a form, but as substantial a thing as the divine love; the one Positive, or Male, and the other Negative, or Female; hence action and reaction, and hence individuality, or the infinite conditions of substance. This conjugal union is the primal and fundamental relation in all things, and is central and substantial. Its various degrees of interiority beget all the various conditions and forms of substance. Development or progression is but the more and more interior union of the divine love and wisdom. Thus is the universe prolificated and developed, and grows and expands forever by the interiorly progressive conjugality of love and wisdom. This present objective world is but one of the infinite conditions of substance. It is the issue or progeny of a divine conjugal copulative association; it is a birth—the offspring of the conjugal copulation of divine love and wisdom. To follow it through its various conditions of growth and development would require too much time at present. This is its origin.

*Use.*—Its sole use is to individualize and develop the human spirit; everything of it and in it is designed expressly to contribute, and does contribute, to that end. It is a vast angel-manufactory.

*Destiny.*—Its destiny is to eternally perform that use; it has no other end or purpose.

Dr. R. T. Hallock submitted the following:

*Facts.*—I am, and I see you all. I touch, taste, feel, smell and hear. I also feel conscious not only that I am, but that you are, and that there are objects and things around me.

*Deduction.*—Hence I conclude that there is an external world.

*Origin.*—Absolutely, the external world always existed in some form or condition; but relatively speaking, it is an outbirth of the divine love by the divine wisdom.

*Use.*—To make and develop the human.

*Destiny.*—To eternally perform this use.

Wm. Fishbough submitted the following:

*Facts.*—I see certain images impressed upon my retina. Certain undulations or vibrations affect my auditory process. Certain effects are produced upon my olfactory and my other sensories, etc.

*Deduction.*—Although these effects seemed subjective, yet under the law of antecedent and consequent, he necessarily inferred that some thing or cause beyond his sensient perceptions produced these effects.

*Origin.*—As to the order of development of the earth or external nature out of the igneous mass up to its present advanced degree, I have already written and published some seventy pages, contained in my book entitled "The Macrocosm," and on that branch of the subject have nothing further to offer. But concerning the origin, properly speaking, of external nature or matter, I submit that it is an outbirth of the divine love, which is the one only substance, by means of the divine wisdom, which is the form or order of the divine love; that the divine love eternally contained within it this order, principle or formative energy, the divine wisdom, and by its means worked itself out into all the forms and orders of nature, external and internal.

*Use.*—To individualize the human spirit, and to serve us a basis on which the heavens may rest.

*Destiny.*—To eternally perform that use.

The other friends present not having prepared any briefs or statements, declined submitting any remarks.

After which a desultory conversation on the subject sprang up in which Dr. Hallock, W. S. Courtney, Wm. Fishbough, Mr. Kellogg, Dr. Weisse, Mr. Partridge and others participated.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

## MISS BEEBE IN CENTRAL NEW YORK.

This lady is addressing large and intelligent audiences in Cortland and Oneida counties; and wherever she speaks, she commands the attention and admiration of cultivated minds of all classes, whether believers or unbelievers in the truths of Spiritualism. This is due not only to the excellence of her discourses as literary compositions, for as such they take rank with the best productions of our most popular essayists and preachers, but also to her quite, unobtrusive and most lady-like manners, so utterly removed from that boldness and masculinity which are usually attributed, not always justly, to female speakers. Miss Beebe never forgets the lady in the public teacher, and never fails to impress her hearers with the depth and sincerity of her own religious convictions. During the past two weeks she has lectured three times in Cortlandville, once in Homer, once in M'Lean, twice in Utica, once or twice in Frankfort, and in almost every instance to crowded houses. The estimation in which her discourses are held by intelligent minds, may be judged of from the following which we copy from a communication in the Cortland American, and which, if we mistake not, is from the pen of a well-known and prominent citizen of that county:

I am no Spiritualist, nor do I wish to be understood as indorsing, in any shape, the peculiar opinions of any Spiritualist; but notwithstanding this, it is but simple justice to say, that neither of the lectures could well be surpassed for brilliancy, cogency or power.

The almost oriental magnificence and exuberance of the imagery, the chasteness, dignity and classical elegance of the language must, it seems to me, have forcibly struck every hearer. True, the ideas were clothed in language so elaborate and ornate as to render it difficult, even with the closest attention, to follow the general train of thought; but every trope had a meaning, and every metaphor a significance. In a literary point of view, then, these lectures were a complete triumph.

One word more, and I am done. All who were present will doubtless agree with me, that her elocution was admirable. Few, however, are probably aware of the extreme difficulty of reading such singularly constructed sentences, and one hearing her would hardly suspect, what is actually the case, that they sometimes rival even the most eccentric periods of Carlyle or Emerson. The ease and grace with which they were delivered, shows certainly, whatever may be said of the lectures, that the lecturer knows how to present them in an acceptable manner.

## SPIRITS AT A GAMING TABLE.

The Springfield Republican, of November 10, contains the following item. It should arrest the attention of those who suppose that all the Spirits that are now manifesting themselves to the world, are evil demons, and suggest the propriety of a slight modification of that view. For our part we can not conceive of a more potent moral influence than the ministration of such a class of Spirits as those referred to in this paragraph:

STRIKING SCENE AT A GAMING TABLE.—THE SPIRITS ON GAMING.—As a company of our fast young men were busy over the card-table, a few evenings since, a singular noise attracted their attention. It was of so unusual a nature that they immediately began to look about for its cause. It was repeated in another direction. Something more than curiosity was now excited, and playing was suspended. Immediately one of the company dropped into what the Spiritualists call a trance, and proceeded to utter, as if from his father, a homily against gambling and its associate vices. This was followed by an admonition purporting to come from a deceased sister of one of the company, couched in such terms and uttered with such sisterly feeling, that the whole group were irresistibly moved to tears. There was no more card-playing that night. None of those present were believers in spiritual manifestations, and the scene was wholly unexpected to all. Whether it was indeed spiritual, or is capable of some other solution, is a question. It was told at a religious meeting, Sunday, and we have no doubt that it occurred substantially as we here repeat it.

## Science against Spiritualism.

The above is the title of Count de Gasparin's great book of nearly one thousand pages, in two volumes. It contains many facts and long arguments, to show that the so-called spiritual manifestations are of mundane origin. It is believed that the positions taken by the author are those the skeptical public will generally adopt; and Spiritualists will do well to acquaint themselves with it, and to furnish the public with such facts as obviously transcend the theories of explanation. Price of the above book, two vols., \$2 50; postage, 40 cents.

## To our Western Friends.

MR. HENRY H. TATOR is now in Michigan, and proposes to visit other western States for the purpose of delivering lectures on Spiritualism. We commend him to the kind attentions of Spiritualists in the places which he may visit, and believe they will promote the interests of the cause by affording him every possible facility for the prosecution of his labors.

## MARRIED.

ON Monday, Dec. 22d, 1856, at the residence of the bride's parents, by S. B. Brittan, Mr. JOHN G. HEMMER, of Boston, Mass., and Miss ELIZABETH S. TIFTS, of Jersey City, N. J.



## Original Communications.

## FREE THOUGHT IN ITALY.

Messrs. Editors:

Throughout Italy there is circulating, in spite of the efforts of the Inquisition to prevent it, a large number of satirical pieces exhibiting the character of the government as viewed from the progressive stand-point. Many of these pieces are written by the more liberal and unshackled among the priesthood themselves, and obtain a large circulation. To prevent detection, they are committed to memory and then destroyed, to be afterward reproduced when occasion requires. The following was written in Italian by an Abbot of Florence, and was communicated to me by an Italian exile now in this city, escaped from the dungeons of Rome. I have imitated the original as well as I could in English.

O. P. HATFIELD.

New York, December 18, 1856.

## COLLOQUY BETWEEN CHRIST AND ST. PETER.

The Lord our Creator, when years upon years  
Of afflictions and trials had witnessed our tears,  
Opened out of the heavens a window quite small,  
To look down on us all;

And then with a glance like the far-spreading light,  
From the right to the left, from the left to the right,  
With surprise and veneration to Peter inclined him,  
Who then stood behind him,

And thus spoke: "O, my Peter, destroyed is my reign,  
All my labors for man have been given in vain.  
Come here, and look out on the world tempest-tossed,  
Degraded and lost!"

Then Peter looked out at the window so small,  
And said: "Who's that puppet I see over all,  
Dressed up in such splendor at Rome, in rich dyes,  
And with blindfolded eyes?"

Then the Lord spoke to Peter: "O canst thou not see?  
Poor Peter! that man's the successor to thee;  
Unto him are bound up, hand and foot, from their birth,  
All the kings of the earth.

With a chain of deceit they are bound to him, all—  
They revolve in a circle around him, and fall  
At his feet, while the people look on and applaud  
As if he were God!

And he, poor old man! he knows not the reality;  
Rejoicing in idleness and prodigality,  
He empties his bottle, and leaves in the lurch  
The poor of the Church.

Confirmation and baptism bring silver and gold,  
And Lent fills his coffers with money untold;  
For whoever is willing to bribe the old owl,  
May eat fish, flesh, or fowl.

And look at those ravens all shining and black—  
Those hounds that cry down others' sins in a pack—  
Those monks who destruction and ruin have hurled  
On a suppliant world.

'Tis all in my name, who their craft do despise;  
I rather would have all men happy and wise.  
They never shall enter this haven of rest—  
This home of the blest.

Then as for those kings that claim power by my word,  
That proclaim themselves all the preferred of the Lord,  
Thou shalt give them the scourging they so well deserve,  
And I'll give thee nerve.

They pretend they have rights, of which I never heard;  
My protection they claim from the cradle—absurd!  
And they think they are kings because others are fools:  
'Tis the crafty that rules!

Ah! if but the good of their subjects they sought,  
And governed them mildly as all monarchs ought—  
If they should make laws that were noble and wise,  
They'd find grace in my eyes.

Did they but display for the people a love,  
And make learning expand like the heavens above,  
They then would deserve in the temple of fame  
A niche and a name.

But instead of a heaven-sent blessing to man,  
The world sees each ruler the head of a clan;  
And death and destruction lie gasping around  
On the desolate ground.

They delight in their wars on the land and the main—  
Their free men in prisons and dungeons they chain;  
They build theaters, gibbets and brothels, likewise,  
To mock at the skies!

Then who is the author of all these fell crimes?  
God acts, say the priests, as he has in all times,  
To punish our sins—so it all is at last  
On my shoulders cast.

The people are ignorant, weak and oppressed;  
So they say, by my axis want of love is confessed.  
They therefore blaspheme, and right well, for 'tis shown  
That my character's gone.

'Twas I that created the earth and the skies,  
And made from the waters the dry land arise;  
'Twas I that made man, as I thought, wise and good,  
As in Eden he stood.

With care and great love I conveyed to his hand  
The dominion of nature to obey his command.  
And this is my recompense for man's beastitude—  
O, what ingratitude!"

Then said Peter, "Lord, grieve not, since thou'rt not the cause  
Of those evils—bad government and unjust laws;  
'Tis the kings, priests and popes, who thus think they have blent  
their day—

Those mushrooms of yesterday!"

"My Peter, now hear: like a child I am meek,  
But in raising my anger their ruin they seek;  
To the griefs they have brought on my little ones they  
Shall themselves be a prey.

And, Peter, regard well the word that is given;  
I have set thee to watch the sole entrance to heaven;  
If one of those wretches should penetrate there,  
Thou'rt dismissed. So beware!

Then firmly he closed up the window so small;  
He shut down the latch and the fastenings all,  
And went forth to note with his all-grasping mind  
The misdeeds of mankind.

## "BE NOT WISE ABOVE WHAT IS WRITTEN."

ANY seeming infringement of this stereotyped injunction, is with many considered presumptuous and sinful; and yet we are exhorted to seek wisdom.

For myself I can see no harm in transcending even the written record. If all had been written, progression would have ceased—there would have been nothing more to learn. Deity himself would be limited, and His Spirit withdrawn from man. But is it so? No, it is not. Fountains, exhaustless, are still open, whence flow the streams of inspiration, and here the thirsty may drink. A spiritual universe circumspheres the material, and angels immerse their thoughts into ours. Inspiration is not a miracle confined to past ages, whose refreshing tides flowed only to the close of the first century of the Christian era. Onward still rolls the mighty flood, through material channels controlled by natural laws, until in the nineteenth century the recipient soul of Humanity is filled, and overflows with light and joy unutterable. This tide ebbs not again, but onward rolls, bearing upon its bosom the sparkling jewels of Truth, until men of every clime and color, unfolded in wisdom, and enfranchised, shall all bathe in the healing waters of love and peace.

But in a scientific view, how reads the injunction, "Be not wise above what is written?" This obeyed, and the sun of Science would scarce have cast one ray of light upon the dark folios of man's benighted intellect. Where would have been the momentous truths of astronomical science? Still living, it is true, but to man useless, as gems in the "dark, unfathomed caves of the ocean;" the sound of the Geologist's hammer would not have been heard on the rocks, nor the laboratory of the chemist been called for by the Liebiga. We would still have been writing in rude, angular characters, on "soft bark;" mounted and traveling on donkeys, as Balaam of old; out of sight of the type-setter at his case, not in hearing of the shrill whistle of the locomotive as it approaches the dépôt, far from the click of the seemingly miraculous telegraph, and indeed ignorant of earth and heaven.

"What is written" has subverted its purpose, and forms a part of man's history; but a new Dispensation demands a new revelation—or let me rather say a philosophical interpretation of an old revelation—NATURE.

P. G. YOUNG.

## A CAUTION.

I HOPE I may be allowed to caution the readers of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH against a communication in the *True Californian*, under the signature of "Faustus." As the manifestations are of a character quite different from any which I have seen, heard or read of before, unless they are to form a new phase in the experience of Spiritualism, they are intended to humbug those who, having witnessed much that was heretofore deemed incredible, have not had sufficient experience to perceive the objectionable features of the facts stated by "Faustus." The visibility and horrid appearance of the spectral appearances are the conditions which I deem too foreign to the general character of Spirit manifestations to be accredited by adepts.

ROBERT HARE.

\* Sunday morning, Oct. 12, 1856.

## MANIFESTATIONS IN VIRGINIA.

SUFFOLK, Va., December 4, 1856.

Messrs. Editors:

I am a constant reader of the TELEGRAPH, and while I see some things in it which I can not comprehend or endorse, yet I see many articles which are very interesting and instructive. There are some few advocates of Spiritualism in this region, but the opponents ridicule it as the veriest humbug, and are violent in their opposition. They oppose it, too, without investigating, or understanding anything relative to it; but this has ever been the case, and ever will be till mankind are so improved in the inner self as to divest themselves of prejudice while examining any new and important subject. It really is lamentable to see men, even of high standing and honorable pursuits, very ready to complain of the persecution and tyranny of others when their sentiments are assailed, yet persecute and denounce what is termed Spiritualism with a bitterness of feeling almost equal to the Inquisitors of old.

I will give you a very short account of some most remarkable developments, which occurred in this place a few months since. A Mr. Wilson, who is a man of standing and veracity, out of curiosity made a trial at table-moving; and to his astonishment the table *did* move, and responded to various questions. His son also was found to be a speaking medium, and would receive answers almost at any time when questions were asked; and in this way many strange developments were made. On a certain night the writer of this was present, with four or five others, around a table up stairs, and requested a communication, when most astonishing results took place. The table moved in every possible way, commencing with slight scratches like the gnawing of a mouse; then rapping, rocking, slipping about, rising entirely off the floor, so that one thousand men could not keep it down; and finally rising up, turning bottom upward, resting on a man's head a few seconds, and then falling violently down behind us and breaking the corner.

The table was re-placed, and a bell was called for through young Wilson. It was put on the table and the candle was blown out, when the bell was raised high up near the wall, and rung in every possible manner, it being sometimes hard to hear it, and then it would be rung in the most rapid manner, and with all varieties of sound, moving about in the room, and finally falling violently down on the floor. Then a glass of water was called for in the same way. It was placed on the table, and the candle put out; in a few seconds the water was cast in a gentle sprinkle in various directions, sometimes one way and then another, but continuously, and in such way that it is impossible for any human person to have done it—*still all was gone out of the glass.*

During the ringing of the bell the candle was taken out of the stick and thrown violently down stairs, and the candlestick was thrown up in the corner.

The next thing that occurred was, persons were slapped or struck frequently on the face, head, and on other parts of the body. I was struck three or four times, almost hurting something which was constantly passing. It felt like a very soft elastic flesh, cool, but not cold. I suppose there were from thirty to forty slaps in all received by those present. During this time some were choked slightly. One person's cravat was taken from his neck and cast across the table.

The next thing in order, I think, was, the Spirits said through the same medium, that they would show themselves if desired by all present; but some refused positively to see them, while others were willing; but it was said that they could not be seen unless all were willing; and very soon after this three or four bright balls, like fire, were seen by all, floating in the room. This was said to be in place of the full appearance. Various other remarkable incidents occurred, too numerous to mention here; and when all seemed to be over, notice was given in the same way that the Spirits would communicate, when a remarkably well dictated and religious communication was given and written down, and then the scene closed.

I remark that the most of these things transpired without a candle, but I am well assured that no person could have done any one of them, and every one present declared upon his sacred honor that they had no agency in it, and in fact they were all greatly amazed. One man said he knew it was the Devil, and was alarmed. Many other equally strange things have transpired at the same place at different times; but as it is an unpopular thing here, and Mr. W. having to work for an honest living, he has abandoned it, at least for the present. He however is fully convinced that it is of spiritual origin.

My letter is doubtless already too long, but I will just state that a man by the name of Pennington, lectured and experimented on Psychology in Suffolk a short time since, and devoted one night to explaining and opposing Spiritualism. He contended that it was nothing more than Psychology.

In his experiments he made a young man, whom he had under his influence, believe a glass of water was an infant, that a stick was a snake, etc.; and this he called Spiritualism. To any candid person who had any knowledge of the history of the subject, this was certainly a most contemptible failure. I really thought he would have come a little nearer to the mark, and made a table move or something of the kind, but nothing like it. He was in truth hardly a second-rate magnetizer, for he exerted himself very much. If that is Spiritualism, he must be infinitely inferior to those young and ignorant persons who can make a table rise and float in the air, and produce many other strange manifestations. O, the prejudice and bigotry of mankind! when will it cease? Well may it be said that consistency is a precious jewel, and but seldom found.

In haste, I remain your obedient servant and sincere seeker after Truth,

THOMAS J. KELLY.



## A SPIRIT SEEN.

RICHLAND GROVE, MERCER CO., ILL., November 14, 1856.

DEAR EDITOR:

After seeing your call for facts I thought I would send you a few, hoping you may find them worthy a place in your paper: About four years ago I was called to resign the earthly society of my mother. I had resigned my husband and a little son but a few weeks before; and when I saw her about to leave me, I indeed felt as though I was being left alone, and taking her hand I said, "Mother, will you not come back and see me?" Claspings her hand, she said, "If this doctrine proves true, I will." (Up to that time neither she nor I had seen any Spirit manifestations.) For several days I was very much absorbed in grief, and was consequently positive to her influence. One evening, about ten days after her departure, an unusual calm diffused itself over my mind, and I indeed felt as though I could weep no more. It was a rainy night and very dark, and there were heavy curtains around the bed on which I slept, and at the windows of the room. After sleeping awhile, I was awakened by something taking hold of my hand. I started, and on looking around the room I saw immediately before me a spot of light about the size of a person's face. At the first glance I thought it was from a window; but I heard the rain pattering, and then thought of the dark night, the heavy curtains, and that there was no moon. I then fixed my attention upon the light, and something like a cloud or fog began to move slowly before it. It moved downward, and I soon saw the top of a head above the edge of the fog. It still moved down, and I then saw it was my mother's face. It moved down to the breast, and there remained stationary. There my mother stood before me as plain and visible as I ever saw her while in the clayey tabernacle. Her eyes were bright with gladness, and her whole countenance was lit up with an inexpressible joy. There was an ethereal look about her that my language is too weak to describe. She looked as though she were transparent, but still I could not see through her. The wrinkles of age were smoothed out; the brown complexion was clear and white, and the dim eye was bright and lustrous. To be sure that I was not dreaming or under a hallucination, I rose up, rubbed my eyes, looked around the room, and then back to her. She was still there, gazing at me with that same anxiety. I then fully realized that it was my Spirit mother that was exchanging looks with me, and like a weak child I was seized with an immoderate fear. I tried to shake it off by thinking it was a mother, and that she would come for no evil, but could not; and trembling with fear, I said, "Mother, I can not bear to see you now." Her countenance assumed a look of sadness, and the fog rose slowly up and hid her from my view. I looked at the light spot as it first appeared a few moments, and then turned over that I might not see it. If it was imagination, as I have been told it was, why did she not appear as she did while living?

## ANOTHER FACT.

About two years after my mother's death, a brother and his family came to visit me. I gave them many of mother's things, knowing that she had expressed a wish while living that they should have them. But she had a large shawl that I thought I would keep. I am sure they did not know mother had such an article, for I had not shown it to them nor said anything to them about it. The evening before they left for home, I proposed to sit by the table and converse with Spirits (our manifestations were by the tips.) Mother immediately announced herself, and said she wanted to give brother's family something more. I then asked, Have I not given them all you wanted them to have? "No." Will you tell what it is? "Yes." I then asked concerning several articles, some of value, and each time the answer was "No." All this time I did not think of the shawl. I then said, Will you tell me what room it is in? The answer was "Yes." After asking nearly every room in the house, I said, Is it in the children's bedroom? "Yes." Then, for the first time, I thought of the shawl. Not being quite willing to let the shawl go, I asked other things that were in that room. The answer was "No." I then said, Do you want them to have your shawl? "Yes." Do you want brother to have it? "No." Do you want his wife to have it? "Yes." Shall I give it to her? "No." Do you want to give it yourself? "Yes." Is there anything else you want them to have? "No." Now if that was electricity, I think it was wise, beside being partial. Why should not electricity be willing that I should have the shawl?

PAULINE W. KINSEY.

## MEDIUM LECTURES IN BATAVIA, N. Y.

BATAVIA, N. Y., November 22, 1856.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Dear Sirs—We were favored last evening, in our Town Hall, with a lecture from Thomas Paine, through the organism of J. M. Jackson, that remarkable boy-medium of whom you published an account in the TELEGRAPH of the 26th of July last. The audience was thin, but respectful, and listened with profound attention to a discourse an hour and a half long, which was delivered in a very free, clear, argumentative and eloquent style. The manner, it seemed to me, was convincingly like Thomas Paine; at least, it fully met and accorded with my conception of that immortal personage, from reading some few of his productions. His theme was, "Theology of the Past and Present Day." He seemed familiar with its origin and progress, and traced its history from Jesus in the manger, through the successive periods of its growth, to the hydra-headed monster of the Apocalypse, and then described this monster's heads as they have been and are always, making war and attempting to devour one another with their scorpion fangs, notwithstanding they all belonged to the same body and stood upon the same vile trunk.

He then discoursed graphically upon the appearance of the aëric atmosphere that surrounded and emanated from each head as they stood in relation to the body, as it appeared to the Spirit freed from

the human form. And, Tom Paine-like, he descended to particulars, and individualized each head, and gave them their appropriate names as they stand in the list, and of course identified every sect in Christendom, and gave us a clear idea of their position in the sectarian phalanx, and in their various wars and strifes against free thought, free speech and natural rights. Thomas Paine demonstrated on this occasion, in my opinion, and so in the opinion of many others, that the germinal principle of the monster beast is well marked in every head, though all are not so palpably marked with as many horns as some of the most prominent ones. For instance, the Methodist and Universalist seem to be surrounded with a more spiritual atmosphere than any of the others, yet all alike partake of the vile nature of the beast, and would, in their very nature, put an end to religious and spiritual progression, could they severally and alone usurp the right of individual consciences.

In this connection he descanted largely, eloquently and truthfully, upon the good the present developments and manifestations from the Spirit realms were calculated to bring about, appealing to the Christian world for stronger and more indubitable proof of the truth and verity of their pretensions and dogmas, and answering in a clear and a concise manner the many underground objections they are in the habit of urging against these manifestations. In conclusion he graphically alluded to the Scripture prediction of Christ's coming with clouds of angels and illustrated most beautifully that that was being fulfilled in the present developments, contrary to the awful expectations of multitudes. But I find myself entirely incapable of giving an adequate description of this lecture. It was sound in every word and sentence, and delivered with great eloquence.

Mr. Jackson is also a writing medium, and is used to write lengthy discourses upon various subjects. He read one to me, of very stirring importance, on the "Origin of Evil." The subject is handled with great ingenuity and profundity of historical allusions, clearing away the myths the human mind is beclouded with, and establishing to a certainty the actual progressiveness of the positive element over the negative.

Yours, as ever, for Truth and Progress, J. J. DENSLOW.

## COMMUNICATION THROUGH A BOY.

WE have been requested to insert the following, which was originally forwarded to another party, in this city.—Ed.

Sir—My child, a sickly boy of thirteen years, has been for three months what is called a medium for speaking, and I am frank to say, never evinced any particularly precocious mentality when not in this, to me, unaccountable state. He has frequently, of late, presented me with prose communications from a Spirit said to be Thomas Paine; and yesterday stated to me, if I would take a pencil, he would send me a short poem, which, perhaps, would remove from my mind all doubts as to the origin of the matter. As my son, or, indeed, any of my family—I need not say myself—are totally incapable of putting four lines of rhyme together, you may think it at least a strange link in a most mysterious chain of some new philosophy, call it what name you please.

If you see proper to publish it, I would like to have you, if convenient, introduce, if you have them, any other lines from the Spirit of T. P., that I may, for my own satisfaction, compare, and form my own conclusion as to any possible reflex as regards matter—not mind—from my mind to the medium's.

Respectfully yours, R. G.

BUFFALO, 3d mo.

Time never had beginning, hath no end—

Had nought to spring from: rolling ever o'er,

Each circle of a thousand fleeting years will lend

Great Nature not one transient moment more;

Regard the circle, ye, but mortal now—

Earth's Ultimatum? Look, and thou shalt see

Age upon age hath rolled; yet, man, thy brow—

Thy spiritual brow, hath yet its infancy.

Earth hath fulfilled her work. Creation's God

Saw life and beauty blend in glorious man;

The stars of morning sang; when, at His word,

All chaos changed, and Progress was the plan;

Stars shone, and suns, and worlds in space float round.

Soon life, the sensuous germ which ne'er will die,

In harmony with Nature's laws is found,

Singing this joyous, glorious melody:

Time was, time is, time ever on shall roll;

Her course is man's; his destiny is life.

Each period of that life but forms his soul—

Great for great actions—for the upward strife.

Reach out, and heavenward, onward to progress,

Each mind must leave with earth its earthly shell.

All worms do change, thou seest, their nature-dress;

The world around thee, man, these changes tell;

Each mortal form—the millions of earth's race—

Shall leave its dust to mix with dust once more;

The Spirit, dying never, enters space—

Secures PROGRESSION'S LAWS to upward soar.

Pure science freed from error here is found;

Intelligence unknown to mortal seer;

Rich stores of thought, deep ethics, here abound,

Incomprehensible to sage on earth's low sphere.

Tell earth-born mortals to prepare to live

Upon no plan Utopian, after death:

All here is real; no rest to mind we give;

Light, light we seek—by light we speak, we breathe,

In truth we grow, in love we live and move;

Serene, in good created, ever prove—

THE LAW PROGRESSIVE BEARS US ON ABOVE.

## MORE TEST FACTS.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Gentlemen—You call for test facts. There may be some who require just the testimony that has been given me. I will relate the following, with which you can do as you please:

1. In the early part of my investigations, we were accustomed to raise one end of the table, and request the Spirits to press down upon it, make it heavier, etc. One evening it was suggested that the apparent increase in the weight was but a psychological impression. It was then proposed to get a pair of steelyards and weigh the table—they could not be psychologized. This was done, or rather a spring balance was procured. A clothes-horse was then opened around one end of the table, so as to make a support for a cross stick, to which to attach the balance. The hook of the balance was put under one end of the table, so as to suspend it or leave it standing on two legs; the medium sat at the other end. While in this position the table weighed, by index, twelve pounds. On a trial made by the medium, and by others, they could not change this result more than a pound or two either way. We then called on the Spirits to make the table weigh a certain number of pounds—from one to twenty-four. The index would in every case point to the number called for, no matter whether the request was made audibly or mentally.

2. On another occasion I was in communication with an officer formerly in the English army—one of the heroes of Waterloo—whose widow was a member of the circle. I asked if the Spirit would answer me a mental question. The reply, by a movement of the table, was Yes. I then asked, mentally, "Col. —, if I give a military command, will you respond to it?" Ans. "Yes." I then repeated, mentally, "Ready—present—fire." The moment the word "fire" came to my mind, the table gave a sudden jump, so as to frighten the medium; and this was continued as often as the order was given—the answer or response always coming promptly at the word "fire," until I was wearied with the demonstration.

3d. I was born in the town of C—. A few months after my birth, my parents removed to the town of M—, where they continued to reside for some fifty years, till the time of their death. With a writing medium I was in communication with my mother. To my mental request that she would write the name of the town in which I was born: "In C—," was immediately written. The medium was a mere child, with no acquaintance with the family; and on asking the same question of a number of my cousins, older and younger, with whom I had been brought up, they as readily answered "M—."

4th. In communication with one long in the Spirit-land, I doubted the reliability of the (trance) medium. To test her truthfulness I said, "If this is H—, will she in vision make this medium see the last interview that we had with each other?" The medium said, "I see you at the door of a house; the door opens; a lady comes with a light; (this person was correctly described.) She saw me ascend the stairs, go into a large chamber which was particularly described; saw a person sick; recognized the sick person as the one then communicating; gave some of the particulars of the conversation; described correctly the appearance of another person present, so that I knew who it was, although the remembrance of that person's presence had entirely escaped my mind. And through the whole, in answer to many questions, there was but one error. As the medium saw me leave the house, I asked, 'Is the house of stone, brick, or wood?' The reply was, *Of wood*. This was not correct; the house was of brick, but painted of a light color, and might at a little distance be mistaken for wood. Was all this vision but a reading of my mind? Why then did not the medium answer my last question correctly? There was no point more fairly fixed on my mind than the house; I saw it built; had passed it hundreds of times; been in it more than once; looked at it a year or two before with the idea of hiring a tenement in it. None of the facts were so firmly fixed in my mind as this. If it was all mind-reading, why was not the last question answered correctly? Yours respectfully, REDSHOIR.

The writer of the above sends us his name and address as a voucher for the truth of these narrations.—Ed.

## A TEST.

MR. EDITOR:

At your request I state, for the columns of the TELEGRAPH, the following test fact:

Some evenings since, in company with some friends, I called on Mrs. Porter, the well-known medium on West 24th-street. One of our party was a lady temporarily in the city for medical treatment, and it was on her account—to give her the benefit of Mrs. P.'s counsel and skill—that the visit was made. I had never seen Mrs. P. before. During the hour of treatment she devoted to her patient, Mrs. P. came several times to my side, saying, among other things, that Spirit friends were about me—at one time, that a Spirit claiming to be my father was there; at another, that a lady who manifested great affection for me, was at my side; and again, that a little boy was by me who called me father. "What a beautiful child he is!" she exclaimed; and then, changing to the accents of a child, she warbled forth, "O papa! papa! how glad I am to see you!"

On concluding the treatment of her patient, she came to me again, and taking a large card from the table, on which an entire alphabet was printed in red letters, she seized my finger, and carrying it over the card, touched with it three series of letters, giving me the following names: "Thomas," "Belinda," "Walter."

Thomas was the name of my father, who died some thirty-five years ago, when I was a lad. Belinda was the name of a grown sister who died some two years after; and Walter, of my son, between three and four years old, who died in Brooklyn in the summer of 1853.

J. R. ORTON.



## Interesting Miscellany.

### A MARVELOUS STORY.

THE utmost interest has been experienced in the fashionable circles all over the continent by the publication of the *brochure* of the Princess de S., which, printed at first in small numbers for private circulation only, has gradually spread itself throughout the aristocratic and religious circles of Europe. It is exactly a year since the young Princess Eleonore de S., in the prime of her youth and beauty, a young wife, adored by her husband, and much beloved by her family, died suddenly at the hotel de S., at Paris and was buried with great pomp at Père La Chaise where a splendid monument, by Lecheu, recording her age, her lineage, and virtues, has just been put up by her disconsolate husband.

In spite of the high position held by the Princess, and from her great wealth and beauty having become the observed of all observers, there has always existed an extraordinary feeling of mystery in the public mind with regard to the circumstance of her death. The Princess, a child of immense imagination and power, left at an early age an orphan, with the consciousness of beauty and the command of boundless wealth, finding herself suddenly transported to her guardian's old castle in the Harz, was not likely to enjoy either content or happiness; and here her temper and disposition grew so wild and untractable that, after repeated efforts of home education, it was deemed advisable to send her to be trained into rule discipline by seclusion in a convent.

Just then her guardian being appointed ambassador to Paris from the Court of W., it was thought the best opportunity for placing the child in the Rue de Varennes, where she could be better trained to habits of obedience than elsewhere. But, alas! this first experiment proved totally abortive. Three unsuccessful efforts at escape were followed by a decided attempt to set fire to the furniture of her room where she was confined; and the governess, fearful of the effect of such example on other pupils, and weary of the attempt of taming this wild vehement spirit, reluctantly restored the young lady to the care of her guardian. A *council de famille* was held, and it was resolved to send the culprit, now no longer a mere child, but a fine, high-spirited girl of fifteen, to England to complete her education, with the hope that the conviction of being thus alone in a foreign country, dependent upon her good behavior to ensure the kindness of those about her, might have the desired effect.

The young lady was accordingly placed at—, at Hammersmith, and for a time the hoped-for change seemed to have taken place in her temper. But, after a while, it appears that the bursts of violence to which she gave way, and the fits of depression which succeeded, became so alarming as to cause serious fears of her health. Letter after letter was dispatched to her guardian from the young lady herself, begging to be taken into favor, declaring that the climate of England was weighing her to the earth, and the discipline of Hammersmith breaking her heart.

The Prince de S. arrived at Hammersmith one Sunday morning. He returned no answer to the last letter dispatched by his ward, and she was therefore not aware of his intention of arriving. The lady commissioned to be the bearer of the news, reported to have found her on her knees alone in her room, praying with a most fearful expression of countenance; and on being informed of her guardian's arrival, she had uttered a most unearthly shriek, and rushed down the stairs like one possessed. The guardian was much pleased with her improvement and progress, and brought her back to Paris triumphantly as a specimen of the good training of the ladies of Hammersmith. There was, indeed, no token of the old indomitable spirit left within her. She was silent and subdued, submissive to all, and only urgent in her supplications never to be left alone or in the dark. She always persisted in maintaining that it was useless to lay any plans for her welfare, for that she should die before she was twenty-one! Even when she became the bride of Prince Leon, she would insist upon every arrangement being made with a view to this early death, which seemed to prey upon her mind forever. It was not till the young couple had been married for some time that, by dint of maternal care and solicitude, the confession was wrung from her that she had sold herself to the Evil One, and that she would be claimed before she reached the age of twenty-one; she confessed that her despair had been so great at being exiled that she had addressed her vows to the powers of darkness on the very Sunday morning when her guardian had arrived, and the announcement of his presence was evidently the token of the acceptance of that fearful vow.

It seems that, in spite of every care and council—despite of the constant watching and wise teaching of the Abbé Dupanloup, nothing could turn aside this fixed idea from the mind of the Princess Eleonore: and although every extreme of dissipation and excitement was tried to divert her thoughts, she gave way to a settled melancholy, and died just two days before the completion of her 21st year, suddenly, and in her chair, full dressed for a ball at the *Ministre d'Etat*.—*London Court Journal*.

**ANCIENT CANOE DISCOVERED.**—Three fishermen at Asnières, France, have discovered an ancient canoe buried beneath a sand-bank in the river. From its form it is supposed that it was used by the Normans in their invasion of Paris. It is an immense trunk of oak about eighty feet long, hollowed out and capable of holding sixty men. It is well known that the Normans, in addition to their large wicker-work boats, had other very long ones for the purposes of war, formed of hard wood, and it is supposed that this is one of them. There is a striking resemblance between this and the barks of pirates of the ninth century.

**ACTED THOUGHTS** alone are productive of real solid being. Theory and Practice must be married, or Life can not issue. c. w.

### PHILOSOPHY OF PROVIDENCE.

THERE is something so remarkable in the march of empire, as respects the United States, that we can but see a wise order in the material arrangements of the earth—equivalent, we think, to a special and particular providence.

The Atlantic border is of granite or of sand, the soil yielding remuneration only to hardest toil and patient industry—and even the better lands of the interior allowed of little diminution of labor and patience, for great forests were to be cleared away, and abundance required long years of privation and economy.

What a contrast between all this and the great prairie country of the West! There, a twelvemonth of diligence may gladden the farmer with visions of broad acres of fertility unsurpassed on the face of all the earth.

Numberless examples might be cited in illustration of the rapidity of settlement in that western world, and the ultimate secret of this material growth is in the fertility of the prairies and the ease of cultivation. Huge lakes and a net-work of railroads could not make Eden out of a desert. It is the open rich soil that has built the steamboats and Rail Roads and cities of the West, and nearly all has been accomplished since the youngest voter at the polls was a babe in the cradle.

Let us suppose that the Creator had reversed the order of things. Let us suppose that the great prairies, with all their attractive characteristics, had been placed along the Atlantic, and that as you went westward and crossed the Alleghany Mountains, the country had passed off into granite soil and sand-banks. The swarming millions would have been crowded along the sea-board, with little or no temptation to "pull up stakes" and journey toward sun-down.

Does it not seem a marvelously wise arrangement of the Creator, that the population of the land should for ages be in some sort restricted to a relatively hard region, that thus they might be trained into ingenuity of machinery and manufactures, before the gates of the West were effectually unbarred?

Beyond the fertile prairies, there is an arid desert—and beyond that again, there are fertile valleys, seemingly isolated from all the world. We can conceive of nothing short of religious zeal, mingling with and appealing to man's instincts, (perhaps even to grossness,) that could rapidly people such a country; and may we not believe, without any presumptuous reliance on the over-ruling hand of Providence, that Mormonism had a peculiar mission in that regard?

Farther West, beyond the Rocky Mountains, still lay a realm of untold beauty and fertility. The tide of life must eventually overflow all intervening barriers, yet it would seem that Infinite Wisdom sought an earlier opening of the region that looked out upon the Pacific. Partly by conquest, partly by purchase, the Anglo-Saxon stock supplanted the indolent Spanish-Mexican; but unusual attractions were essential to the settlement of the region acquired. Gold was discovered in California, and a mighty nation seemed to be born in a day. Great caravans crossed the desert—ships doubled Cape Horn—the Isthmus of Darien became a highway—rivalry opened the Nicaragua route; and whatever we may say or think of recent events or existing complications, Central America will be aroused from the slumber of indolence, for Civilization and Liberty must girdle the earth.—*Christian Ambassador*. A. C. T.

**THE SECRET OF WARM FEET.**—Many of the colds which people are said to catch commence at the feet. To keep those extremities constantly warm, therefore, is to effect an insurance against the almost interminable list of disorders which spring out from a "slight cold," and at the risk of being thought trifling, and of telling people what they know already, I beg to remind them of the following simple rules: 1. Never be tightly shod. Boots or shoes when they fit closely, press against the veins of the foot, and prevent the free circulation of the blood. When, on the contrary, they do not embrace the foot too tightly, the blood gets fair play and the spaces left between the leather and the stockings are filled with a comfortable supply of warm air. Those who have handsome feet will, perhaps, be slow to adopt this dictum; but they are urgently recommended to sacrifice a little neatness to a great deal of comfort and safety, by wearing what the makers call easy shoes. 2. Never sit in damp shoes. It is often imagined that unless they be positively wet, it is not necessary to change them when the feet are at rest. This is a fallacy, for when the least dampness is absorbed into the sole, it is attracted further to the foot itself by its own heat, and thus perspiration is dangerously checked. Any person may prove this by trying the experiment of neglecting the rule, and his feet will feel cold and damp after a few minutes; although, on taking off the shoe and examining it, it will appear to be perfectly dry. Did every one follow these rules, there would be no cold feet.

**GAS MANUFACTURE.**—The improved mode of manufacturing coal gas consists in throwing bituminous coal into a hot cylinder of iron, the mouth of which is closed carefully by an iron door, with the edges cemented with soft clay. The vapor arising from the coal is received into a tube, by means of which it is permitted to escape into a series of vessels, where it is cooled and deposits much of its impure matter. It is then poured into another series of vessels containing quick lime, which robs it of its sulphurous and other intermixtures. From this receiver it flows purified into the gasometer, and is from thence distributed, as may be needed, through main and service pipes. The highly charged bituminous coals are found best adapted to the purpose of gas making. In the manufacture of gas from the Newcastle coal a chaldron weighing 24 cwt. is found to yield 7,650 cubic feet of gas, 14 cwt. of coke, 13 gallons of ammoniacal liquor, and 12 gallons of thick tar. Cannel coal yields on an average 16,000 cubic feet of gas to the chaldron.

**THE MEXICAN PRIESTHOOD.**—President Comonfort (says the *New York Enquirer*) is engaged in the most important and sweeping reform ever undertaken in Mexico, in secularizing the Catholic Church, and disposing of some of its ill-gotten treasures. The difficulties which have obstructed the progress of that State hitherto, are to be attributed mainly to the overwhelming power of the church. The governments which were not pleasing to the priests had no stability. Where there were two parties contending for the supremacy, whichever the church inclined to, succeeded. The hierarchy is overwhelming. The archbishop has nine bishops under him, all having cathedrals and chapters, except the Prelate Sonora—with 185 prebendaries and canons, 1200 parishes and a regular and secular clergy amounting to 19,000 persons, under his complete dominion. Of the regular clergy 3,500 reside in the capital, and the orders of the Dominicans, Franciscans, Carmelites and Mercedarians, possess 150 convents. The salary of the archbishop is \$130,000 per annum, that of the bishop of Puebla was \$110,000. The remaining bishops receive altogether about \$200,000 more. The Signor Lendo de Tegada, who is now at the head of the finances, asserts that the real property of the clergy is of the value of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred millions of dollars. In the city of Mexico, containing five thousand houses, worth about eighty millions of dollars, the church owns one half, and the income has been estimated to be twenty millions of dollars. Waddy Thompson, our former Minister at Mexico, was of the opinion that one-quarter of the whole country belonged to the priests. The quantity of gold, silver and jewels in the churches is great enough to pay the whole foreign and domestic debt. A single balustrade, about three hundred feet long, in the cathedral of the capital, is supposed to be worth a million dollars.

**BEAUTIES OF THE DEEP.**—If mere beauty of appearance, says the *British Quarterly Review*, is in the question, the waters need not yield the palm of loveliness to the land. The deep has its butterflies as well as the air. Fire-flies flit through its billows, as their terrestrial representatives dance and gleam amidst the foliage of a tropical forest. Little living lamps are hung in the waves, and pour out their silver radiance from vital urns which are replenished as fast as exhausted. The transparency of some of the inhabitants of the waters give them an appearance of fairy workmanship which is perfectly enchanting. The *Globe Beroe* (*Cydlippe pilus*) resembles a little sphere of the purest ice, about the size of a nutmeg. It is furnished with two long, slender, curving tentacles, each of which bears a number of filaments, twisted in a spiral form along one of its sides. Eight hands are seen to traverse the surface of this animated orb, running from pole to pole, like lines of longitude on a terrestrial globe. To these hands are attached a number of little plates, which serve the purpose of paddles, for the creature can work them so as to propel itself through the waters, and either proceed in a straight line, or like a steamboat, turn in any direction, or, unlike that vessel, whirl round on its axis and shoot downward with infinite grace and facility. But, not to dwell on the mechanism, is there not something fascinating in the idea of crystalline creatures? Suppose we had transparent horses, or diaphanous dogs, or cats with a glass exterior which would permit the circulation of the blood and the working of the organs to be distinctly seen.

**CRIMINAL REFORM.**—Society has hitherto employed its energy chiefly to punish crime. It is infinitely more important to prevent it; and this I say not for the sake of those alone on whom the criminal preys. I do not think only or chiefly of those who suffer from crime. I plead also, and plead more, for those who perpetrate it. In moments of clear, calm thought, I feel more for the wrong-doer than for him who is wronged. In a case of theft, incomparably the most wretched man is he who steals, not he who is robbed. The innocent are not undone by acts of violence or fraud from which they suffer. They are innocent, though injured. They do not bear the brand of infamous crime; and no language can express the import of this distinction. When I visit the cell of a convict, and see a human being who has sunk beneath his race, who is cast out by his race, whose name cannot be pronounced in his home, or can be pronounced only to start a tear, who has hardened himself against the appeals of religion and love, here, here I see a Ruin. The man whom he has robbed or murdered, how much happier than he! What I want is, not merely that society should protect itself against crime, but that it shall do all that it can to preserve its exposed members from crime. It should not suffer human nature to fall so deeply, so terribly, if the ruin can be avoided. Society ought not to breed Monsters in its bosom. If it will not use its prosperity to save the ignorant and poor from the blackest vice, then it must suffer, and deserves to suffer, from crime. CHANNING.

**THE FEMALE FORM.**—Here is a paragraph from Headley's Letters from Italy, which we commend to the attention of our lady readers: In form the Italians excel us. Larger, fuller—they naturally acquire a finer gait and bearing. It is astonishing that our ladies should persist in that ridiculous notion, that a small waist is, and, *ex necessitate*, must be, beautiful. Why, many an Italian woman would cry for vexation, if she possessed such a waist as some of our ladies acquire only by the longest, painfullest process. I have sought the reason of this difference, and can see no other than that the Italians have their glorious statuary continually before them as models; and hence endeavor to assimilate themselves to them; whereas our fashionables have no models except those French stuffed figures in the windows of the milliners' shops. Why, if an artist should presume to make a statue with the shape that seems to be regarded with us as the perfection of harmonious proportion, he would be laughed out of the city. It is a standing objection against the taste of our women the world over, that they would practically assert that a French milliner understands how they should be made better than nature herself.